Otis - David Fifield

CYCLOPS!

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Chorus
Scene 2
Brolenus and the Brahs
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INTERMISSION

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Otis
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Chorus
Scene 8
Polly
Otis
Chorus
Finale: Everything's Coming Up Famous
All

Cast

MCs	Carolyn, Keven
Polly Famous	Rebecca
Otis	David Fifield
Brolenus	Michael
Brahs	Scott Kevin B.

Otis' Band

Juri Lochos	David Driscoll
Thaddeus	Derek
Mauvaus Ete	Sienna
Iver	Steven
Brooklyn	Alan
Rufus	Jacob

Chorus (core group)

Calypso	Carolyn
Penny Lopez	Janani
F.C 1	Nicole
M.C. 1	Keven
M.C. 2	Tyler

Chorus (songs)

Anja
Kate
Ksenia

MC Song A (Sophisticated Lady)

They say into her early life stardom came,
And for a few sweet years, she tasted fame,
But fame was fickle and false, and fled away...

Then, a bitter broken beauty turned a beast,
She fed her anger on a bitter feast,
And all but blind with her rage,
Longed for the stage (the soundstage that is, she was a movie actress, see, the brightest light in Hollywood, before the accident...)

Primping, preening, always dreaming of the spotlight (it's rather sad)
Endless yearning, hunger burning for the fans that she used to have,
'Fraid it's made her rather mad, oh,
Poor twisted former starlet, I know,
You miss the fame you lost long ago,
The years have changed you (and how)
We see you now...

Prologue:

Polly: There's no other drug for fame- neither puffed nor popped -- than the silver screen! And there is nothing more glittering and refined for the artist-- but, alas! It is not eeeasy to be discovered. As you all know (points to audience), darlings, being the rising stars of Stanford Boulevard -- beloved by the peer review journal! Just as I used to be the beloved of the critics- a rising starlet on Sunset boulevard- that was then... when I was LOVED by Hollywood! All bright eyed and bushy tailed! I incurred their adoration not just with love letters nor roses nor indecent proposals- but they adored me with straight up madness, darling! On the strip, everyone else played second fiddle.

Oh, I ditched that dairy queen in Peoria, Illinois; hopped on that bus; got off in LA; singing, pining away, perfecting my aaart for Hollywood! Holding on fast to the dream of fame but overshadowed by the "so called grace" of Grace Kelly. I found my "drug," upon this lofty stage, and now facing the cameras, gazing out upon you, my fans, I send forth my winged words! Fly words! Fly!

O fair devotees of theater! Why deny your darling, with cheeks whiter than creme fraiche; "cheeks" more supple than a lamb, friskier than a pussy, a fresh plucked cherry! Previously, recognition only payed me a visit in sweet sleep, and when sweet sleep slipped away- oh it fled!- just as a tender lamb seeing the wolf *(points to her self)*! I fell in love with thee, my precious Fame, when first, on an errand to the city, my mother took me to the Theateeer. I saw Marlene Dietrich- my Blue Angel- and from that hour, even to this moment, this very second. O Fame! I've loved thee true! But you don't give a damn about me.

(turning to audience) But I know why you flee, you there, in the dark *(points to audience)*! It's because of my unfortunate accident, one close up TOOOOO close! The broad eye of the

camera took a eye from this broad, and left me "one bedroom eyED." But be as it may, I still tend to a thousand "head" of boys and drink them down. My "milk" still so fresh and my "cheese" oh so ripe. There's plenty to go around in any season; my rack is always heavy. This starlet still knows how to "pipe," as well as any. As often late in the night, I reminisce of my beauty on top of my little collared frat cubbies.

So, You there! Alas! Come to me! You might quite enjoy it! Leave your precious seats to creak- join me on Sunset boulevard- and pass this night with me. There's gin and tonic- diiiiirty martinis- and sweet fruits of mine; a bone chilling pool, which fully erect pool boys strain, only after they pour forth on my snowy white fields (a natural anti-aging cream *(winks at crowd)*)! Who would choose their seats and forgo my humble abode? Even if I appear a little too haggard to you, a warm bedroom awaits with plenty of toys! With them you can poke my hole, my pink eye-- nothing is dearer to me, darling!

Oh! Oh! Would that I had not been born in the Midwestern boonies, then the bright white lights on this lush green hill, would shine and spell forth: POLLY-WOOD!

OH! But look thither, my adoring fans! It seems as though I may have some visitors! I see in the distance, a tour van, broken down, and strapping young lads, walking this way!

But no time to waste! Come to me, my darling devotees! The show must go on! Because aaaaaart is important! The critics never said a kindly word to me- and it is THEM that I blame.

So don't let your eye wander! I will show you why even now, many young boys spend the night in sport with me. Oh, save your rave reviews, darlings! Some time soon, I'll be somebody!

I'M READY FOR MY CLOSE UP, MR. DEVILLE!

Act I

(Otis and Us come on stage in darkness, walking around and exploring the new space. Then exit stage)

Scene 1

BROLENUS: O Mary Jane,

BRAH 1: O aderol,

BRAH 2: O most magical of mushrooms

ALL THREE: where you at dawgs?

BROLENUS: I've had dry spells before in the frat house, but this shit, this shit right here... this shit whack yo!

BRAH 1: *(reinforces)* whhhhaaaaaack!

BROLENUS: There was that time when my dumbass dealer was arrested, that inconsiderate piece of shit!

BRAH 2: Ya, and remember when that Enchanted Broccoli Forest dude tried to run off with my stash?

BROLENUS: HA! I stood my ground and I kicked him in the nuts, and he went down like a Walmart greeter on Black Friday! (Was that just a purple haze? No, 'cuz I stole his pot too and lit it up!

BRAH 1: That was a good day.

BROLENUS: But now it's even worse! You've ditched us! My sources dried up and the Peninsula was tapped out. So I was like, whatever, it's Spring Break, or practically Spring Break anyway, I'll go to LA with my bros and hos and score there. So we piled into my Escalade (well, B2's Pop's Escalade) – I was at the wheel, (ALL THREE TOGETHER:) rolling with my homieeeees

BROLENUS (continues)– and my boys got drunk and danced to Carly Rae Jepsen in the backseat. But as we were driving up Sunset Boulevard to Mulholland Drive we ran out of gas next to this creepy old Hollywood mansion. So we rang the bell to ask for a lift, and this has-been opened the door.

BRAH 1: Lemme tell you, this old bitch was HFFA – hot from far away, like a Monet – but up close she was NASTY.

BROLENUS:– anyway, she let us in but then she locked the door behind us! And she was like all up in my grill "I've got you now my pretties!" So now we're the pool-boys and the yard-hands at the beck and call of our mistress, Polly Famous, and there's not an oz to be had. Instead of blissfully passing away our days in a stoned haze we're now practically slaves to this old hag.

BRAH 2: So now I'm stuck outside cleaning her pool, trimming her hedges, snaking old plumbing,

BRAH 1: while I'm stuck in the house, watering the plants, dusting the drawers…

BROLENUS: and I'm sittin' here givin'
the bitch what she wants – whatever she wants, whether I like it or not. You gotta do what she says, no matter what.

ALL TOGETHER: It gets worse if you don't.

BROLENUS: (Rest of bros and hos enter) Oooooh What up guys? Why are you so cheerful? You're hopping around like you scored some mollies and didn't invite me.

SONG 1 (U.G.L.Y by Celeste and Daphne)

U.G.L.Y
She ain't got no alibi
She ugly (hey! hey!)
She ugly (hey! hey!)
U.G.L.Y
She has only got one eye
She ugly (hey! hey!)
So ugly (hey! hey!)

What she really needs is to wear a mask,
And book that plastic surgeon fast,
She's scary -- be wary, or she'll make you do,
The hideous things that we're subjected to.
The songs she makes us sing are like totally old,
And these outfits that she puts us in reek of mold.

Eye-patch
Monocle
Socket-hole
Ugly!

Scarface
Horror Show
Cyclops
Ugly!

U.G.L.Y
She ain't got no alibi
She ugly (hey! hey!)
She ugly (hey! hey!)
U.G.L.Y
She has only got one eye
She ugly (hey! hey!)
So ugly --

Chorus is interrupted by Polly Famous

POLLY: Chorus! My admirers are coming, at last, and everything must be perfect! This is my moment! My comeback! And I won't have a single missed step. We'll give them something fresh, exciting, fabulous! Places!

Chorus reluctantly gets into position.

SONG 2 (I Feel Pretty)

POLLY:

I feel pretty,
Oh so pretty,
I'm the light of the bright silver screen!
And I pity,
Every girl who doesn't look like me.

CHORUS:
La la la la la la la la la la
POLLY:
I feel charming,
Oh so charming,
It's alarming how charming I feel!
And so pretty,
That I hardly can believe I'm real.

CHORUS:
La la la la la la la la la la

POLLY:
See that gorgeous doll in that mirror there?

CHORUS:
What mirror, where?

POLLY:
Who could that attractive girl be?

CHORUS:
Which one, where, whom?

POLLY:
Such a pretty face,
Such a lovely smile,
Such a darling nose,
Such a shining eye...

CHORUS:
Such a shining eye, such a shining eye, such a shining eye

POLLY:
I feel stunning,
And entrancing,
I can blind any man with my gaze!
And my love,
Puts them into an early grave!

POLLY: (*yells to Brolenus and bras offstage)* Chappies! I see that van coming closer. Everything must be perfect. Now! Places, places! *(Polly exits)*

Scene 2

(the brahs enter rambunctiously)

BROLENUS: Shut up assholes! Get the pool skimmers or nets or whatever the fuck you call 'em into the sheds!

BRAH 1: Do it guys. [to Brolenus] What's your deal jackass?

BROLENUS: I saw a van parked out front, and hipster douchebags getting out with a Death Cab for Cutie lookalike. They gotta be a Williamsburg indie band with an 'ironic' name like I Was Totally Destroying It or Hypocrite In A Hippy Crypt. They've got some empty gas cans, and it looks like the suckers ran out of fuel. Poor bastards!

BRAH 2: Who do you think they are? They have no idea what Polly Famous is like – they're fucked!

BROLENUS: Shut up so we can figure out what their deal is.

(OTIS and US enter)

BROLENUS: [interrupts] UM... Hello?

OTIS: Hey guys, do you know where we can get some gas?

BROOKLYN: This looks like we hit the jackpot

RUFUS: – cuz you guys are clearly authentic chronasseurs.

THADDEUS: Thank god, I thought it would be nothing but fake Hollywood celebutants up here.

IVER: I gotta say: What up dawg?????

BROLENUS: YO HOMIES! What's your name? What's the dealio [move hands awkwardly]?

OTIS: Name's Otis. Lead vocals.

RUFUS: Rufus Elpinorsky: Musician. Actor. Artiste.

THADDEUS: *(leering at female chorus members)* Thaddeus here, cowbell's my game...

JURI: I'm Juri Locos: I. am. triangle.

BROOKLYN: Brooklyn. Bridge specialist.

IVER: I'm Iver, I strum and I hum (*harmonica fifery*).

"God Mauvais"

MAUVAIS: Who or what I am is a mystery even to me. But the strip of matter you perceive to occupy this extent of space-dash-time is called "Mauvais Été" by others.

OTIS: Together we're Otis and Us. kneel to reveal tableau.

BROOKLYN: [smugly] We're from Ithaca-

MAUVAIS: New York.

BRAH 2: Hey I've heard of you guys! Didn't you tour in Amsterdam last year?

OTIS: Yeah, kinda. Actually we were in Nijmegen. You probably haven't heard of it.

BRAH 2: Yeah! Totally, totally. Love it!

BROLENUS: Are you guys on tour now? What was your last stop?

Get to center stage singing! with mic

OTIS: We were opening for Men Did Lay Us at Coachella. Listening to all those post-metal Asian-fusion prog-rock bands felt like ten years long, but we got a ton of cash and the main act got a smoking hot babe, Zooey Deschanel, out of the deal.

ka-ching!

Center - pause wolf whistle

JURI: She's a hell of a hen.

OTIS: Now we're heading home, but with the traffic it feels like we've been driving for eight years. Brooklyn, take us to the bridge!

~~BROLENUS: What? How'd you end up here?~~

BROOKLYN: ~~OTIS~~: Well, you know, we got a little lost…

BROOKLYN ~~RUFUS~~: *(annoyed)* … and now we're out of gas. This guy couldn't read a map.

BROLENUS: Oh, fuck! That's what happened to us! We were looking to re-up for spring break

~~OTIS: Oh man, how'd you end up here?~~

Stepping up the joint weaving

~~BROLENUS: We were looking to re-up for Spring Break.~~

MAUVAIS: Lame.

OTIS: So what is this place?

BROLENUS: Sunset Boulevard man *[points to audience as though road out there]*,

IVER: Right on.

BROLENUS: No man, it's like the opposite of a Jack Johnson concert in there.

OTIS: Awesome! Does a big name Hollywood star live here?

cut off

THADDEUS: Is it Tarkofsky's nephew? I heard he lives round here.

BROLENUS: No, it's Polly Famous, but she's more like a black hole than a star.

OTIS: Is she in charge?

BROLENUS: Oh, she's definitely on top.

OTIS: Where does she get her money?

BRAH 1: Oh, her yeast down below raises the dough.

OTIS: Look man, we could totally take a break here - we're out of gas anyway. Are you guys of the pharmaceutical persuasion? Back to BRO's position from center
Changing audience to B1, B2

BROLENUS: Hells yeah brah. But Polly ain't having it. We're dry as the foes of Mordor.

OTIS: We might be able to help you out–

BROOKLYN: – a little quid pro bro.

OTIS: Is she friendly at least?

B1 Yeah BRO: maneater!

BROLENUS: Nah dawg, she's a real maneater.

OTIS: What? She's into bromeat?

BROLENUS: Everyone who's ever come has been finished off.

OTIS: Where is she? In the house?

BROLENUS: She's putting on her face.

BRAH 2: That can take all day.

RUFUS: I don't know if I can wait that long.

Direct to BRO

OTIS: Can we get some gas and peace out?

BROLENUS: You'll have to ask her, but we'll totally help you out… Dude.

OTIS: We're really hungry – do you have any local munchies?

IVER: Bt dubs, we're all on a vegan, locavore paleo-diet.

MAUVAIS: Mmmm… soy bomb.

BROLENUS: We can look around, but I think all we have are f-f-fava beans and a nice Chianti.

OTIS: Ah no man. We gotta get out of here. Is there any way we can leave?

BROLENUS: Well, all we have are some bikes from the Jehovah's Witnesses that used to come around.

BRAH 2: You know, I wonder what happened to them…
(Brolenus nudges him to keep quiet)

BROOKLYN: Bikes could work. I think LA's pretty flat…

BROLENUS: Fair warning - they're fixies. They ain't got no brakes brah.

ALL BAND EXCEPT JURI: RAD!!
OTIS: Ironic group hug!
JURI: Um, do you happen to have a *tri*-cycle?

OTIS: Bring them out!

BROLENUS: Chill brah, but what'cha got for us?

OTIS: Whatever you need. *(Mauvais opens up her trench coat for the display)* Afghan Kush, fair trade coke, organic Xstacy, locally-foraged shrooms...

BROLENUS: BALLER! We've been sober longer than Lindsay Lohan.

OTIS: Yeah, we got some good shit at Coachella.

BROLENUS: Lucky you, the only thing easier to get than coke at Coachella is fresh PYT.

OTIS (eye rolling): Yeah, tell me about it.

BROLENUS: Oh man, don't rub it in! Is the coke in your van or do you have it on you?

OTIS: It's right here in my rucksack. *(searches in bag, taking out Moleskine, Macbook, iPad). (checks phone)* - ah thanks Dad.

BRAH 2: Dude, is that enough to elevate me to my next level of consciousness?

RUFUS: Brah, this will get you higher than that Red Bull space-jump guy.

BRAH 1: Oh man, we're gonna roll like a fat kid down a hill.

OTIS: You want a little taste now?

BROLENUS: That's cool – traaaah before you baaaah.

OTIS: Take it then, so you know we're LEGIT

BROLENUS: Oh man, that's the stuff. I'm feeling the need to dance!

BRAH 1 and BRAH 2: AH AH AH

OTIS: Sweet snowstorm right?

BRAH 2: Oh shit, winter wonderland.

OTIS: Then get the bikes already!

(handing out pills to the chorus who come in with bikes)

BROLENUS: No, this is too good for bikes. You need gas, we'll just siphon some gas from her Rolls.

BRAH 1: For just one bump I'd give you all her cars and pools, ready to fuck and tear it up with this coke. It's crazy not to love this shit! This [grabbing his phallus] perks up a little, you can cop a feel.

(music...)

CALYPSO: She goes down right there.

PENNY LOPEZ: Gives you what you want.

BROLENUS: And you forget everything exploding to the beat.

ALL CHORUS: Let's take this X and tell Polly Famous to go fuck herself?

SONG 3 (Gangnam Style by PSY)

CHORUS (in groups):
The tingle in my fingers and the rush in my vein,
A fire in my body and my heart catching flame,
A wild and wet sensation and I'm going insane,
This is ecstasy!

I took mushrooms, yo!
All the colours in the world are beaming (mushrooms, yo!)
All the lightwaves in the air are gleaming (mushrooms, yo!)

And I'm floating, streaming, glowing, dreaming (mushrooms, yo!)
I took mushrooms, yo!

My joint is blazing, the air is hazing,
I'm getting blitzed (hey!), motherfucking blitzed (hey!)
My lungs are filling, my bros are chilling,
I'm getting blitzed (hey!), motherfucking blitzed (hey!)
It's been way to long since we were high like this, this, this, this!

Doping hipster style

Eh, sexy lady
(dope, dope, dope, dope, dope, doping hipster style)

Eh, sexy lady
(dope, dope, dope, dope, dope, doping hipster style)

OTIS AND CREW:
What the fuck? This place is crazy, yo,
Maybe maybe
We should back up from here nice and slow.

What the fuck? I think it's time to go,
Baby baby
We should slip away -- they'll never know

CHORUS:
You know what I'm saying!

Eh, sexy lady
(dope, dope, dope, dope, dope, doping hipster style)

Eh, sexy lady
(dope, dope, dope, dope, dope, doping hipster style)

Scene 3

(Everyone lying around, coming down.)

CALYPSO: That was awesome.

FEMALE CHORUS 1: But you gotta tell us about Coachella.

PENNY LOPEZ: Did you like totally wreak havoc and drag Zooey Deschanel off the stage?

OTIS: Yeah. We trashed the stage, destroyed guitars and helped Men did Lay Us bag Zooey Deschenal.

MALE CHORUS 1: Yeah she's hipster hot.

MALE CHORUS 2: When you were finally in her hotel room, did you all take turns tuning her ukulele?

MALE CHORUS 1: I hear she's into those big ensemble bands!

enter left

BROLENUS *(running in with gas)*: You're all gassed up. Now get out of here, bro, and back to your tour bus. But give me more x before you leave... Shit, shit, bro – the old bag is coming! She'll swallow you whole.

OTIS: Righteous. We've been stuck in traffic for a long time.

(whilst scurrying)

BROLENUS: Quick inside her boudoir so she won't see you.

OTIS: Right in the lair? Alright. pointed towards boudoir

Turned around

BROLENUS: That's right bro. There are enough hiding holes in there - seriously dude keep out of sight.

Behind a shrub down the stairs

poke head out of legs

OTIS: Keep out of sight? Who the fuck do you think I am? The dude in the back with a triangle? I'm a front man - I want her to see me. Showtime!

POLLY: *(enters carried on a sedan chair)* Why are you loafing around, you lazy girls? Waiting for something? There are no drugs, no orgies, no diet red bull vodka and no fraternity members or football quarterbacks. It's almost showtime, and you know I can't go on without my special tidbits. Look me in the eye and speak!

CALYPSO: I am looking up and I see colours. . . and butterflies and dragons! I love you all.

POLLY: You, where is my dinner? Has the liver been tenderized?

PENNY: Oh it's tender alright. And very fresh.

POLLY: And have you chilled the champagne?

MC2

~~FEMALE CHORUS 1:~~ There's a whole vatful for you to swim in.

MC1

POLLY ~~POLLY~~: Bollinger or Dom Perignon?

MC1

~~CALYPSO:~~ Whatever you prefer -- just don't swallow me up or eat me ~~out~~. whole

POLLY: As if I'd ever use these smackers on the likes of you!

shushing!

Why hello, who is hiding there under my ~~robes.~~ bush Are there fans or paparazzi? Peeping toms? What's this rabble I see, disgracing my wigs and chewing on my fava beans and uncorking my Chianti! And why are my pool boys stumbling around with their trouser snakes uncoiled?

BROLENUS: *(aside)* ~~Duuuude. They sent me on a baaaad trip. I'm all tingly!~~ oh! tripping

POLLY: What are you cranked up on now? And who's your candy man?

BRO steps aside.

BROLENUS: This hipster indie band - they wanted to take your best Chianti and I wouldn't let them! So now they've fucked me up.

POLLY: Nonsense! Surely they came to see me! I am a star, a STAR. They must have seen my picture in one of the latest glossies! Maybe Shutterbugs magazine or Hollywood Minute...

self-grooming...

BROLENUS: I told them who you were, but they kept going through your stuff. Then they found the fava beans and began to uncork all the wine. I tried to stop them, but they told me that they would put you in bondage like a three-dollar whore.

CALYPSO: Attach the nipple clamps and pull off your fake eyelash.

PENNY: Then they'd hog-tie you, toss you in the trunk and drive you over to the nearest Meth Lab...

FEMALE CHORUS 1: ...where you'd be chained to a bench stuffing goodie bags for the rest of your life.

ALL CHORUS MEMBERS: Creeeppy....creeeppyyyy...

..accent practice...

BROLENUS: Shit just got real, yo!

POLLY: Is that so? You there, grab the tropical oils and turn up the heat until the swimming pool boils! We'll have a feast of flesh tonight! Too long I had to live off bony little frat boys and fanclub members barely old enough to sate me. A little fresh meat, a filet man-gnon maybe...*(gets greedy, dreamy look in her eye).*

BROLENUS: You're right -- and on tonight's menu, Ithaca kielbasa stuffed thick. He owes you, for trying to steal your other food.

OTIS: Yo, what are you talking about? It was a fair trade, gas for drugs, and then we grabbed a little snack on the side. This fat fuck was ready to sell his soul (and yours if you had one) for some x. Our candy is as sweet and pure as it gets, coming from the best labs in Cali. If you can't handle the heat, stay out of the kitchen..

hers she aside

lean right

BROLENUS: You can go to hell! You can't trust a hipster. May you open for Nickelback!

open?

OTIS: Never trust a drug addict. May Celine Dion make me her boytoy if I'm lying.

lean left

lean left

BROLENUS: By the Skulls and the Bones, by Romney's integrity, Kim Kardashian's virginity and the giant silver keg, may I be paddled or made to do the elephant walk, my goddess, my sweet dominatrix, Polly Famous, brightest star on the Walk of fame, I would never lie to you! They came here, stole your gas, ate your food, and fucked me up on narcotics I didn't even want.

MALE CHORUS 1: Party foul, bro! We saw you with my own two eyes, begging for those pills.

MALE CHORUS 2: If we're lying, Polly Famous, may the botox drain out of your lips. Just don't hurt the band.

POLLY: You lying hussies! You thickwits! I'm inclined to believe Brolenus, after all I trust him more than I trust you tipsy tarts. But for now, tell me stranger. Where do you hail from, how did you get here and who designed those clothes you're wearing?

OTIS: I'm the front man for Otis and Us. We're from Ithaca, New York, on the Williamsburg circuit. We destroyed the stage at Coachella music festival, you've probably never heard of it. We washed up here when our van broke down.

POLLY: I heard about you on my weekly radio program. So you are the villains who wreaked havoc when that ingénue jilted the nice young man from, what's that ensemble, Menelaus?

Actually, it's "Men Did Lay Us."

OTIS: Yeah that was pretty rough.

POLLY: And also foolish, you ruffian. Destroying the stage because of one woman,and she isn't even that good.

Listen, you (kiss)

OTIS: That was bad management - don't blame us for it. Oh noble lady, we're begging you. We're covered in road crust from all the time on that van, and our skinny jeans have squashed our sausages. We're not the full-frat beefcakes you're used to. Just let us go, and we'll help spread your fame. We never defiled your star on the walk of fame or drew a moustache on your magazine pictures. Respect the unwritten law of Hollywood that musicians when their van has broken down must be given shelter and munchies. So that's what we should receive from you rather than having to satisfy your...appetites. We've suffered enough. Lame Impala beat us out on this year's Pitchfork Top 10. If you imprison us innocent hipsters, the last remnants of authentic underground music in America will disappear, and then what will you listen to, Kings of Leon? MGMT?? Lana del Ray??? Everybody's heard of them!

kneel rise polly & squad

Help us get out of here

without

Back to the fame.

POLLY: I'm intrigued....how, HOW!, exactly, will you spread my fame?

outward throwing it out

OTIS: I've got it! My girlfriend's 3rd cousin twice-removed almost met Jim Jarmusch at an underground dining club, and he's very excited about this experimental rock-opera we're developing. It's like Texas Chainsaw Massacre meets Pulp Fiction meets Vertigo meets...Cleopatra! You could be the star! Role of a lifetime!

to her!

POLLY: Darling, I find all this absolutely titillating. Tell me more.

OTIS: (*whistles, band enters, huddles, whispers among themselves*)

RUFUS: You're going to give our rock-opera idea away to this Hollywood has-been? The studios will destroy it—they won't even let us film in sepia!

MAUVAIS: They have no authentic concept of authenticity!

IVER: What role are you going to give her?

OTIS: Don't get your suspenders in a bundle. I would never sell out our artistic vision for the sake of that one-eyed phony.

(*Band breaks out of huddle*)

OTIS: Alright, pretty lady, it goes something like this...

Scene 4

SCENE ONE: The Will (set to the tune of "Time Warp" from the Rocky Horror Picture Show)

OTIS: Ok, ok. Open on a lawyer's office. Girls, you'll be the secretaries. Here are your horn-rimmed glasses. This is Rufus Elpinorsky, keytarist. He's Lex the lawyer, ok? And Thaddeus, on cowbell, is his client, Hannibal. And my main man Juri Locos (banjo!), is Hannibal's brother Thyestes. And you two, you're his sons. It's based on Seneca.

MAUVAIS: You've probably never heard of him.

CHORUS: No...

POLLY: Ignoramae! I just devoured Seneca in grammar school.

OTIS: Right... Places, everyone! Lights, camera, action!

RUFUS: My young friends -- Mr. Hannibal "Lector" Mayer, and Thyestes -- as you surely know, your family has been in the business of sausage for over 150 years. Most recently, your father -- through such wonderful ideas as the Oscar Mayer Wiernermobile, and the delightful advertising campaigns of 1965 --

PENNY: (*singing*) Oh I wish I was an Oscar Mayer weiner --

RUFUS: Yes, thank you. As I was saying, through such wonderful ideas, he has run this company to record profits. This is THE sausage meat juggernaut of mid-century America. That is the good news. The bad news is -- again, as you know -- a) your father has died, and b) Hannibal, you have been disinherited in favour of your handsome, talented, Stanford-educated brother Congratulations, Thyestes. You are sole heir to the wiener fortune..

JURI: Hot diggity dog! No hard feelings, H! ~~Come on boys~~, let's go for ice cream and pigs in a blanket!

RUFUS: Mr. Mayer -- Hannibal, my young friend -- all I can say is... I'm so sorry.

THADDEUS: No... no, Lex!. I just... I just can't accept it! It's not fair. It's not! I WON'T HAVE IT.
(Young Hannibal verges on incoherence)

(begin song)

RUFUS:
It's not surprising
the law says it clearly
the business is not yours
so give the game up

your brother's won straight up

THADDEUS:

I've got to keep control

I IMAGINED, controlling the SAUSAGE
watching it roll down the line

but now the dreams over
it was stolen by my brother!

CHORUS:
beef, pork, revenge fantasy x2

RUFUS:
Your tone seems to suggest
you've got revenge on your mind
you'd do well to take heed
he's got the law on his side
don't be taking seriously
this evil fala-cy-y-y-y-y

CHORUS:
beef, pork, revenge fantasy x2

THADDEUS:
'fraid I can't do that
it's too late to go back
revenge is certain, only not now how

to punish my brother
hurting him like no other
something special
is on call

RUFUS:
What's your intention?

THADDEUS:
To cause a sensation
his children will need to die

RUFUS:
i can't believe what i'm hearing

THADDEUS:
my justice is searing!

CHORUS:
beef, pork, revenge fantasy x2

(Instrumental dance number, Hannibal murders the lawyer and each typist lady in turn, the audience is covered in red-dyed corn syrup, fade to black)

SCENE TWO: Oscar Mayer (set to the tune of the Talking Head's "Psycho Killer")

OTIS: Beautiful, people! In this scene, girls, you're all anthropomorphic hot-dogs, and my man Juri Locos here (banjo), is Hannibal's brother Thyestes. Right. So, the scene: lavish dining room at Wiener manor, under candlelight. The two brothers dine alone...

JURI: Well, Hannibal, I think it's mighty sporting of you to put the past behind us. You've recognized that the better man got the company, and I think that's grand. I wish my boys could have stayed up to eat with us, but they sure tired after you took them out for turkey and ice cream. Did they give any trouble when you put them to bed?

THADDEUS: Oh no. Must have been the tryptaphine. And now they're all tucked in, like pigs in a blanket...

JURI: Swell. And this delicious meal you made me looks like a mighty fine peace offering. I'll just cut myself a bit of this tender sausage and... put it in my mouth! (rubbing belly) Mmmmmmmm-mmmmmmmmm-mmmmmmmmmm..... (BURP -- suddenly, T looks alarmed and confused)

(Begin song)

JURI:
My bowels seem to be twisting in knots

I heave and squeeze so I don't
shit my pants
this plate of sausage can't be good for my health
that taste i swear it's like licking myself

CHORUS:
Oscar Meyer
Qu'est-ce que c'est
su su su su su su su su su sons rendered
yum yum yum yum yum yum yum salty
Oscar Meyer
Qu'est-ce que c'est
su su su su su su su su su sons rendered
yum yum yum yum yum yum yum salty

THADDEUS:
You've stuffed your stomach with you don't even know what
I'll tell you what, and I'll tell you why I did it
You took the business from me, I've taken revenge
Recognize that meat? It's your precious spawn

CHORUS:
Oscar Meyer
Qu'est-ce que c'est
su su su su su su su su su sons rendered
yum yum yum yum yum yum yum salty
Oscar Meyer
Qu'est-ce que c'est
su su su su su su su su su sons rendered
yum yum yum yum yum yum yum salty

JURI:
What horror stands before me!
This tainted meat, can it be?
Victims of a vicious plot
chopped to bits, served up on... a PLATE
We are vain and we are blind (word for word)
I curse the day when I met the light

THADDEUS:
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

CHORUS:
Oscar Meyer
Qu'est-ce que c'est
su su su su su su su su su sons rendered
yum yum yum yum yum yum yum salty

Oscar Meyer
Qu'est-ce que c'est
su su su su su su su su su sons rendered
yum yum yum yum yum yum yum salty

VOICEOVER: And so it was, Young Hannibal murdered seven people, was arrested and was sent to jail for the rest of his life... Oh, it wasn't the end of his adventures. But that's a story... for another day.

(Fade out to the score of the Wonder Years)

INTERMISSION

Act II

MC Song B (Everything's Coming Up Famous)
I have a dream, a dream about you, Polly
It's gonna come true, Polly
They think that you're through, but Polly

You'll be swell, you'll be great
Gonna have the whole world on the plate
Starting here, starting now
Polly, everything's coming up Famous

Got the script, got the score
You're the star that we need and adore
Lick your lips, bat your...eye
Polly, everything's coming up Famous

Now's your comeback, show the world you're a star,
Set it spinning, that'll be just the beginning
Quiet on the set, light the lights
Get the close-up my man, pull in tight

You'll be swell, you'll be great
I can tell, just you wait
Just send us on our way and we'll come through,
Polly, everything's coming up Famous for me and for you

POLLY: Bravo! I love where you're going with this, darling...fine moral message! But what's my role? You said I would be the star! Thyestes is such a meaty part, and surely he or Hannibal could be played by a woman? You may have heard, I'm a bit of a maneater...

OTIS: Yeah, yeah, whatever part you want. We'll just go back to Williamsburg, keep working on the script, our people will call your people... It'll be great!

Scene 5

POLLY: Listen, homunculus, I think that has promise, but I want full creative control. I simply can't be bothered with all these post-modern, back-to-front, too-clever-by-half movie scripts. And what's more all those sell-outs still down in Beverly Hills, I wouldn't call 911 if I found them in the coatroom at Bijou Bijou choking on their own vomit. You were so right to come to me. I didn't get scared when Marlon Brando breaks wind, I don't know why anyone thought he was all that. All he did in *The Godfather* was mumble in *that* dreadful accent. Darling, I used to do more with a flutter of my eye.

And I've always been an artistic risk taker, no matter what the critics say, with their politically correct whining. I have no problem with cannibalism, darling, none at all. I have deep, intimate, *ambitions* which must be satisfied, and a hunger for success I'm ready to bite off more than I can chew. And I'll make sure you have everything you need (*ref back to Od asking for guest-gifts)*, I'll cover you in chocolate sauce, pop a cherry in you and stick an apple in your mouth like a suckling pig. Come with me, all of you minstrels! Let's flesh this out in my boudoir.

far left
falling
terrified

OTIS: Oh my Warby Parker glasses, strictly not prescription, aid me in my hour of need. This is worse than the overflowing port-a-potties at Burning Man. Oh Jack White, in your desolate Detroit bungalow, behold my plight. Look upon my woes and bring aid, or I swear I'll never listen to my Blunderbus LP again! I can't believed I survived that epic 10 year Coachella Sigur Ros/Coldplay set and then 8 years of LA traffic, just to be pigeon-holed as this one-eyed ogre's sex slave.

POLLY: Sex slave? Darling, your manhood is just the amuse bouche. I want your heart too. And your lean rump, your kidneys, your liver... Then I'll pick my teeth with your skinny little hipster bones.. Oh no! Looks like we're in for a Bad Romance!

SONG 4 (Maneater by Nelly Furtado)

POLLY:
Now little darling look at me, me,
It's close-up time now, can't you see, see.
I want to sink my teeth right in you,
I want to lick and taste and chew you.
Oh, my little hunka hunka man meat,
Oh, my tasty tender little man treat,
I'm going to bring you to your knees, knees,
And don't you take your eyes off me, me.

(*Polly exits with band members*)

CHORUS:
She's a maneater, likes them oiled up,
likes them broiled up,
makes them give her all their bods.
She's a maneater, keeps us indoors,

Works us like whores,
Bodies aching, on all fours.

But I remember being free, free,
Dropping, popping, snorting up the ecstasy,
Bodies winding, grinding, full of loving,
Everybody touching, feeling, coming.
Oh, my little hunka hunka man meat,
Oh, my tasty tender little man treat,
I wanna run away with you, you,
What the fuck are all of us to do, do?

(*Otis, Brooklyn, Iver, Mauvais re-enter*)

Scene 6

OTIS: O my locally sourced, gluten-free plaid shirt! What can I say? I've seen things you wouldn't believe in that boudoir. This is like that *Hangover* film, not my usual Sunday morning Brunch.

MALE CHORUS 1: What's up bra? Mrs Robinson got the munchies and made a meal of your buddies?

OTIS: She was checking us out and had a grope or two, picking out the two with the tastiest-looking ~~rears~~.

MALE CHORUS 2: ~~How are you so chill dude?~~

OTIS: We went into the master-bedroom and we were amazed by all the Hollywood memorabilia everywhere. She chucked a couple of logs on the fire and stripped down to her apron. She was looking for a lot more wood, trying to light our fires too and smoothed down the sheets on the four poster bed.

BROOKLYN: Then she got out the baby oil, took down a 1936 Chateau Lafite and a goblet fashioned from the skull of Bubbles the chimp. She wheeled in a cute little mini-grill and a diamond-studded pair of tongs, I was wondering what kinky Betty Page spankathon we were going to be *forced* to endure.

MAUVAIS: When everything was made ready by that decrepit corpse-bride, she grabbed Thaddeus and Juri–

IVER: – whipped out Zorro's sabre and CUT JURI'S THROAT!

OTIS: She drained his blood into Bubbles' skull - ~~strictly kosher~~ - and then dragged Rufus across the room and smashed his skull in with the Maltese Falcon.

MAUVAIS: It blew his mind!

BROOKLYN: You could see ideas for startups and healthy vegan treats splattered all over the bedroom. Then she sliced off some prime cuts and started grilling.

stay down low point

OTIS: I stood by, horrified, crying my eyes out of course and consoling myself with My Chemical Romance B-sides (*self-hating).* She even made me baste the meat. Iver and Mauvais totally flipped out and hid under the covers.

BROOKLYN: Lucky for us, she filled herself sucking on Rufus' bone marrow...

during this, walk up center and grab Calypso

chorus circle

OTIS: She fell back on the bed and belched like Grace Kelly after too many ribs. And I had a genius idea, front page *Vice* magazine material. I poured out some Lafite and gave her my best Humphrey Bogart: "You gotta try this, miss. Of all the red wines, in all the vineyards in Napa Valley, this is the tops for red meat. If you don't have a sip of this, you'll regret it... Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but someday, soon, and for the rest of your life.Here's looking at you, kid." She was pretty stuffed, dripping with the meat-sweats, and that was an Oscar-worthy performance. She bought it. She grabbed the glass and drained it, making eyes at me. She got into her part toOTIS: (*mimicking Polly*) "From now on, you do the thinking for both of us." So I gave her another cup but slipped in something exxxtrra special. "Here ya go, kid. A double dose of E to spice things up a bit". She knocked it back and started singing her old showtunes, way out of tune, and the whole bedroom echoed with it. We slipped out to save us all. We can make our escape together, roadtrip up Highway 1 and take refuge in San Francisco.

snaps out of it

step forward ½ step

to circle

♪ Flowers in your hair ♪

BROOKLYN: We'll take you all out to the organic Farmers' Markets.

IVER: We'll sit in Dolores park strumming our banjos and smoking weed.

CALYPSO: OMG! That's *such* a good idea, you're *so* smart. And I so want to escape from this horror movie.

everyone half jump

OTIS: Pay attention now, I've got a plan. We'll get revenge, and then we'll get out of here.

FEMALE CHORUS 1: Ok then. I'd give anything to hear news of that Cyclops' death, even my Rihanna downloads.

everyone jumps up

OTIS: So listen up:She's all lit up, wants to hit the Boulevard. She's convinced there's some big shinny down at the Roosevelt.

PENNY: Ahhh. You want to cut the brake cables in the Rolls? Or maybe tie her to some train tracks?

OTIS: No not that, something way smarter.

MALE CHORUS 1: *Fine then.* We've heard you're full of tricks, you've talked the talk but can you walk the walk?

mm-hmm

OTIS: First thing, keep her rolling. Sooner or later, the drugs will make her pass out. We'll need something long and hard.

CALYPSO: Well, she's got this old movie prop she stole from Fay Wray...[whispers in Od's ear].

OTIS: Perfect! We'll grab that, blow it up and sharpen the tip. When she's all passed out, I'll grab it and thrust it into her eye. I'll shove it in and you guys stand back and thrust and twist. Just like a carpenter drills a hole in a ship before the maiden voyage.

FEMALE CHORUS 1: LMFAO, great idea! You're *so* clever.

OTIS: Then you and the band and, alright, your brosephs can hop in the van too and we'll roadtrip back to SF faster than you'd be offered special cookies on a sunny sunday in Dolores Park.

PENNY: ~~Can I help inflate it? I'm great at blowing, even when I'm rufied.~~

OTIS: ~~Super. Now shut it - you know the plan.~~ I'm the lead-singer, so you groupies better do what I say. We're getting out of here -- you, me, and what's left of my band.

CALYPSO: Alright, girls! On your knees, close your eyes, and think of Andrew Luck.

Singing and shouting within

CALYPSO: Ssshhh. She's totally faded and coming out her bedroom... *(looks round)* what's she singing?*(Cyclops singing 'I feel pretty' emerges)* - not again! That's one too many times, the old bag. I'm going to make her wish she never learnt that damn song! Let's teach the old bint some modern culture. She'll be totally blinded!

SONG 5 (Like a Virgin, by Madonna)

CHORUS:
There's no feeling quite like this,
The pleasure spreading through and through,
My every appetite is met,
When I taste you.

POLLY:
I was clean, but so mean.
Got my fix, slurping down man bits,
But you made me see,
There's something better for me,
Than eating barbecued pricks!

ALL:
Like a virgin,
High for the very first time.

Like a virgin,
Wanna get down, bump and grind.

Like a virgin, oh oh
Like a virgin,
Feel so good inside.
When I pop pills, and my skin chills, and my heart thrills.

POLLY:
Oooh, baby.
Ecstasy is in me,
For the very first time!

Scene 7 Pause – vignette Grant + Hepburn

OTIS: Listen to me, Polly -- I've popped many a pill with Malcolm.

POLLY: Who's Malcom? Is he a famous producer?
OTIS: Malcom X – stasy!

POLLY: Oh, I've swallowed him... ~~with pleasure~~ à la Française.

OTIS: That's right. ~~He loves everyone~~ He goes down well. Here, have another taste of him.

POLLY: Can a producer fit in this pill? What is this, a pill for ants?

OTIS: Oh, he fits in everything, and everyone! You can take him orally, vaginally, or ~~anally~~ shh-~.

POLLY: (Gasp) Dirty boy! But I'll do anything on the casting couch. leans in

OTIS: Whatever gets you that roll, baby...

POLLY: Don't your friends want to get to know Malcolm too? leans away

OTIS: No, no, he's all yours tonight!

POLLY: Doesn't everyone want a big part?

OTIS: Too much fun can end in fists.

POLLY: No matter how high I get, no one would dare!

OTIS: Chill, you old broad!

POLLY: But I want to be a star! I want to dance, see flashing lights with my one eye, and touch people! Let's go downtown!

OTIS: Maybe you should stay right here and touch yourself. spin her away

POLLY: What should we do, Brolenus? Will you touch me?

BROLENUS: Ummm, sure. [Aside] I'd do anything for a taste of whatever's got her flying. (looking disgusted)

OTIS: What's more, the bed is soft with flowery boscage. eye contact with BRO

BROLENUS: ~~A little bit of E spells a rad time!~~ (*jokes flops*) So lie back and relax.
Cyclops lies down and Silenus puts the bottle of pills behind OTIS.

POLLY: Done! ~~Hey, why are you putting the pills behind me?~~

~~BROLENUS: So no one passing will knock them over.~~

POLLY: ~~Darling, I know you want to keep it all to yourself. So put it between us.~~ (*to Otis*) I must say, I know the name of your band, but I never caught your name, you lovely, mysterious man, you! Tell me the name I'll be screaming tonight, in ecstasy!

scanning

OTIS: It's Litoris. First name Michael. But my friends call me Mike. Mike Litoris. So what do I get for telling you that?

~~POLLY: You can eat me out last.~~

BROLENUS: High five, bro! ~~Sloppy seconds!~~
Silenus helps himself to some E

POLLY: Hey, what are you doing? Are you trying to steal a pill?

BROLENUS: No man, it was drawn to me by my good looks. moving forward monkey with orchids

POLLY: Oh darling, you may love the pill but it won't love you back.

BROLENUS: Look at this face, it's totally into me!

POLLY: Just hand them over. toss to OTIS

BROLENUS: Not just yet, you need some body paint and some glow sticks first. (*Brolenus pops a pill for himself)* toss to BRO

POLLY: Scoundrel!

BROLENUS: But they're so good! ~~Here, play with this koosh ball.~~
toss to OTIS

~~*[Polly is very entranced w/ ball, Brolenus pops a lot of pills until she notices]*~~

POLLY: Why you thieving rapscallion! Darling, you be my pill boy now *(looking at OTIS)*.

OTIS: I do know a thing or two about swallowing! toss to BRO

POLLY: Common then, give me one!

OTIS: I'm coming, be patient. toss to OTIS

POLLY: You hypocrite! You've swallowed so much already!

OTIS: Here, finish them off. drop in POLLY's hands

POLLY: Oh my! I do love this strange, tingling sensation. I need to scratch this itch.

~~OTIS: *(Putting objects in her direction)* Isn't this chair so huggable?~~

flirting with BRO

POLLY: Oh, oh my! The pleasure is mounting! I think I can see heaven and earth swimming together! There's Clark Gable now, entering Tara! Shall I not kiss him? Oh, frankly dear I don't give a damn! And now Ashley's trying to seduce me! But no! This time I will choose Rhett, and he will ravish me on the stairs before Tara! And I shall cry out, "Tara! Tara!"

BROLENUS: Wait, who's Rhett? Am I Rhett?

POLLY: Yes! And you will take me back to Tara!

BROLENUS: I'm dead bros! Pour one out for me!

POLLY: Do you not love your Scarlet? Do you look down upon one who has swallowed so much?

BROLENUS: Dude, this will be a bitter pill to swallow!

Polly and Brolenus exit. left

whistle guys cyclops

OTIS: C'mon now ~~ladies~~, the ~~bitch~~ is in the bedroom and soon, when she's had her fill, she'll pass out from her sex, drugs, and techno binge. Bring out the secret weapon, the greatest special effect of Hollywood's golden age.

Enter down the aisle with cocks step right.

It's King Kong's Long Schlong!

guys

You ~~ladies~~ have blown that cock, blown that cock right up! Now there's nothing left to do but to poke out her other eye. ~~Let's show her THIS manhood~~.

May your heart be guys

CALYPSO: ~~Our hearts will~~ as hard as this cock! Let's go ~~ladies,~~ before Brolenus loses his penis. We're ready for action!

Move left, kneel

OTIS: Oh Irony, lord of all hipsters! Poke out her one remaining eye so that we can be rid of her for good! And Sleep, child of ecstasy-induced sex, come upon her with undiluted force all over her face. After all our glorious reviews on Pitchfork, don't let me and my band get fucked to death in the bed of some dried up old cooter. Otherwise, I'll have to shave off my ironic mustache, because irony will no longer rule! Ironic charge off to right.

OTIS exits into bedroom

Oh sleep, kneel
child of ecstasy-induced sex, hands on face
come upon her
with undiluted force bosom
And irony! step forward
Lord of "hipsters," ironically
Poke out her one poke hand
remaining eye
So that we can be clenched.
rid of her for good
After all our turn left
glorious reviews on Pitchfork, march left
hands up
don't let me and my band step back
become breakfast in bed for ~~get thumped to death~~ thrust
~~in the bed of~~ some
dried-up old cooter head
Otherwise, I'll have to pose
shave off my ironic finger on stache
mustache, because
irony will no longer rule! bombastic
smooth transition
to exit right.

SONG 6 (Call me Maybe, by Carly Rae Jepsen)

CHORUS:
We threw a wish in the well,
'Cause we've been living through hell,
But this new stranger seems swell,
And now he's on his way.

He's gonna poke out her eye,
We're gonna hear that bitch cry,
The socket fizzle and fry,
And we'll be on our way.

Her stare was holding,
Lips licking, teeth were showing,
Every night, hunger growing,
Now try to watch us going, lady!

Yeah, we just met him,
And this is crazy,
Got a monkey ding-dong,
And we'll help -- maybe.

The dildo's hardened,
It's coming, baby,
King Kong will blind you,
And we'll help -- maybe.

Before he showed up at the house,
We had it so bad,
But he's going change that,
And we'll help -- maybe.

Scene 8

Scene 8 frustrated

On right

OTIS: For fuck's sake, close your mouth, ~~or I'll be forced to put my dick in it!~~ No one is allowed to breath, blink, or spit – just swallow (aside) – ~~so that you~~ don't wake the old hag before her staring contest with the winking ape.

CALYPSO: We'll keep quiet and swallow our words.

OTIS: C'mon then, the tent is pitched.

CALYPSO: Who will be first to have a go? We're used to cumming together.

PENNY: Um, I just got a manicure and I don't want to chip a nail.

FEMALE CHORUS 1: I think I just got a UTI standing here.

PENNY: OMG me too! I was just standing here and somehow I got a UTI! I don't know how it could have happened, maybe ~~blowing (up) that cock~~?

from King Kong over there

OTIS: You got a UTI blowing up an inflatable penis?

look at bros

PENNY: Somehow! ~~And I think I have a yeast infection too!~~

BRAHS: Oh man, we got hernias! Yeah this thing is really heavy

OTIS: ~~You ladies are as useless as a broken condom.~~

bratas and bratas You guys are useless.

CALYPSO: Just because we care about our nails and vajayjays, that means we're useless? I've been taking skin flute lessons since I was old enough to finger the holes! I could charm that trouser snake right into the bitch's eye.

hos and bros

OTIS: I always assumed you were ~~a~~ two-timing ~~whore~~, but now I know even better. I'll have to call my band mates for help. But if you don't have the balls, at least cheer us on.

whistles

move center, band enters, hoist cock, comic exit right

Otis exits

CALYPSO: We're happy to cheer him on – from the sidelines! Let the old hag be blinded.

ALL CHORUS: Be Aggressive, B-E- Aggressive (as a cheer). Thrust it hard, thrust it deep, get the bitch while she's asleep. Aim high, in her eye, pull it out so the hag will die!

Enter Cyclops with bloodied mask

POLLY: Oimoi! My one eye!

~~MALE CHORUS 1: Brava! Bellisima! Encore!~~

Brava!

POLLY: (mad with pain and incoherently quoting movies) Oh, woe is me! Stella! My kingdom for an eye! But I will get you my pretties! (Runs over to block the door from the bedroom) You shall not pass!

Bellisima! Encore!

MALE CHORUS 2: ~~(calmly)~~ Is something wrong?

POLLY: I'm ruined!

MALE CHORUS 1: You do look like a hot mess.

POLLY: Oh wretched me! (falls)

MALE CHORUS 2: Did you trip and fall on Brolenus' dick?

...Calypso et al. get up to summon

POLLY: Mike Litoris destroyed me!

MALE CHORUS 1: ~~Your clitoris has destroyed you~~? syphilis

POLLY: Mike Litoris has blinded me!

upstage

MALE CHORUS 2: Did you wake up next to coyote ugly?

POLLY: Ahhhhhhhh.

MALE CHORUS 1: Wait, I'm still confused...

POLLY: Stop toying with me! But where is Mike Litoris? poke head out

MALE CHORUS 1: Um, it's right there.

...Tiptoe in with band down center aisle quickly

POLLY: Know well, it was Mike Litoris who destroyed me, the abominable Mike Litoris! That dastardly musician, who showed up here with his finely-tuned instrument and that Malcolm Ecstasy.

MALE CHORUS 2: Drugs ARE dangerous! DARE to just say no!

POLLY: Tell me, you fool! Have they escaped or are they still in the house?

CALYPSO: They're standing over there, by the XXX.

POLLY: To my left or right?

left

ALL CHORUS: To your ~~right.~~

Cyclops moves to the right while OTIS, his band, and Brolenus slip out

POLLY: Where?

to your right

CALYPSO: Right next to the XXX – ~~Have you got them~~?

POLLY: ~~The pain is compounded! I've hit my head and broken it.~~

Oh the pain! How are they

escape by here

PENNY: Oh no! They've managed to escape!

POLLY: Didn't you say they were somewhere over here?

ALL CHORUS: No, over there!

POLLY: Where?

FEMALE CHORUS 1: No, you put your left foot in, you put your left foot out, you put your left foot in–

ALL CHORUS: –and you shake it all about!

POLLY: Stop mocking me you harlots! You're deceiving me in my hour of need!

CALYPSO: All right, we'll stop. Besides, he's just there in front of you.

POLLY: Mike Litoris, where are you?

OTIS: Far away from you, so that I can keep Otis safe!

POLLY: Wait, who is Otis?

OTIS: I am Otis and this is what you get for tasting man flesh! What would it say about me as a front man if I didn't punish you for ~~pussy-whipping my~~ band mates.

slurping down

POLLY: Ah, my worst fear is realized! Ever since I lost my first eye, I feared that I would be cast into eternal darkness, never to see myself on the silver screen again. Now I don't even have an audience of one... And in return, I lay a curse upon you and yours. You may have sat on the I-5 for eight years after Coachella, but know this! You will spend two more stuck in traffic, breathing in LA smog, longing to get back to Ithaca.

OTIS: Oh shove it, you old hag! I'm off – I'll get in my van and hit the highway.

OTIS leaves

POLLY: Oh, no you don't! Blind though I am, I'll figure out a way to stop you! Even if it means crawling up the hill and raining the Hollywood sign down upon you, you will never leave L.A.!

CALYPSO: As for us, we're fine being groupies – after all, we've been servicing frat boys for four years.

ALL CHORUS: From now on, X, sex, and rock and roll!

(Celebratory hipster music plays as band and chorus exit. Polly is left alone, until the MCs return. Piano reprises Sophisticated Lady)

MC1: She couldn't stop them, obviously. Off they sailed in their painfully hip van, cruising up the One through the bewitchments of San Francisco, and the lush gardens of Cascadia, until eventually they made it back to Ithaca.

MC2: Got pretty famous, too. Not for their music, of course -- there's a reason you've never heard of it. No, Otis wrote a tell-all memoir [insert gag-worthy title]

MC1: And would you believe it...Polly woke up one morning, stumbled through her deserted mansion, and opened the door to find herself right back in the spotlight!

Finale (Everything's Coming Up Famous, reprise)

Crowd:
It's Her!

MCs:
Here she is, vultures!
Here she is, world!
She's famous!

Crowd:
Ms. Famous, it it true you really are a maneater?
Why'd you do it, Polly?

MCs:
Flashing lights!
Thronging crowd!
Take it away, Polly!

POLLY:
Ya either got it, or ya ain't.
And I got it (In the eye!)
Ya like it? (No!)
Well I got it!

Everyone wants it, whatever they say,
Bros, hos, hipster joes -- they all want fame.
I've finally got it
And this time I'm gonna hang on!
You either have it,
Or you've had it!

I feel pretty, oh so pretty,
High for the very first time...

MCs:

Cameras up and hallelujah,
Polly's gonna give it to you.

POLLY:
Ready or not, shh, here comes Polly

MCs:
Polly's talking loud,
Polly's not ashamed,
She admits it all,
Won't deny a thing,

Polly's loving it,
Every single word,
Polly says it's true,
Everything you heard.

POLLY:
Everything you heard!

CROWD:
Polly!

MCs:
Polly's back on top,
Polly likes it there,
Polly knows you're shocked

CROWD:
Polly! Polly!

MCs and POLLY:
Polly doesn't care...

CROWD:
Why did she do it?
What was she thinking?

MCs:
All those years with nobody watching.
Lose one eye the whole world forgets you.

POLLY:
Whole world forgets you!

MCs:
A moment of fame and then they ignore you.

No one cares about the poor cyclops.
Look! A new star, or a new victim.

POLLY:
But this time it's gonna be different,
This time round, they're gonna remember.

CROWD:
You had a dream,
A wonderful dream, Polly.
That bright silver screen, Polly.
Is this the fame that you sought?

POLLY:
It's the fame that I got,
I'd rather have it than not!

MCs:
And someone tell us, how is it her fault?
You're the ones who made her a monster.
She just played the part she was given.

ALL:
Cannibal cyclops, role of a lifetime!

POLLY:
Look out world, it's finally my time!
Shining star of the tabloid headlines!

Everything's coming up Polly!

MCs:
Everything's coming up Famous!

ALL:
Everything's coming up Famous

POLLY:
This time for me!

BAND:
For me!

CHORUS:
For me!

BROS:

For me!

ALL:
For me! For me! For me! Yeah!

SCENE 2

Gas can
Ruchsack
Drugs
Trenchcoat
Mustache wax
Mustache comb

SCENE 7

Pills